

Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll hang thee if he
can, O R. The merciful Father, and the mercileſs Son.
The tune is, Fortune my Foe,



Y On disobedient children mark my fall,
And by my timeleſs end take warning all,
Against my own dear Father I have done
A deed the like did never graceleſſe ſon.

In blooming years I was intic'd to ſin,
Ere I perceiv'd what danger lay therein,
And ſo from day to day unto this hour
To leave the ſame as yet I had no power.
My Mother dead, my Father cockred me,
As men will do when Mother liſt we be,
And nothing then for me he thought too dear,
Which brought me thus unto a graceleſſe fear.

And when as I to elder years did grow,
By wicked courſes got I timely woe,
Each vain delight belonging to young men
Deceiv'd me, and wrought my ruine then.
The deadly ſins that are in number ſeven,
Without more grace have loſt my joys in heaven
From firſt to laſt of theſe moſt curſed crimes
Have made me now a wonder of theſe times.

For wantiſg means to nourish my delight,
I went the wrong and left the ways of right,
Which to maintain, my father growing poor,
Forgetting God I daily rob'd for more.
Which times he ſav'd me from the Gallows tree
Some times he caſt himſelf in debt for me,
Which times he ſet me up in good eſtate,
In hope to keep me from untimely fate.

By me the proverb is fulfilled here,
Who ſaves a thief from Gallows finds it dear;

For ſaving me I ſought his dear liſes too,
My gentle Fathers timely overthrow.

For wantiſg means ſtill to relieve my need,
But me in mind to do a woſal deed,
And ſeek his blood, the high-way unto ſin,
Who wantiſg grace I ſoon grew perfect in.
My Fathers Brother of good living known
Being dead, as next of kin they were my own,
The which I wrought with theſe accurſed hands
To be the Heir of all my Uncles lands.

With mind prepar'd for murder then I went
Unto the field where he did muſt frequent
To meet him, with my own fathers liſſe
Which I had ſoln I took away his liſe.

And laſt it down all bloody by his ſide,
What all might ſee my Uncle therewith dy'd,
And challeng'd it my fathers knife to be,
When ſoone came the murder'd corps to ſee.

O hemlocke, O curſed blooſes blood!
Like Cain, to ſee thy fathers deareſt blood,
My own dear Father being thus betrayd,
I his own child the Evidence was made.
So judg'd to death for that he never dyd,
The Lord in mercy did the ſame forbid,
For as he was to Execution led,
A world of torments in my boſome bred.

To ſee him ſtand upon the Gallows tree,
From which beſore good man he ſaved me,
I could not chuſe but tell what I had done,
And ſo confeſſe my ſelf a wicked ſon.

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The Confession and Repentance of George Sanders,

Gentleman late of *Shugh* in the County of Hertford, who killed his own Uncle, and accused his own Father for the murder, but by Gods providence being discovered, he died for the same, where he wrote this song with his own hand.



Gods judgements are rightly seen said I I sinned have, for sin God curst the ground,
 Dear Father I have slain him let me see, I sinned have, for sin the world was drown'd,
 O let me see, let my Father see, I sinned have, Sodom sin set on fire,
 O let me see, let my Father see, Also for sin did Egypt feel Gods ire.
 Wherein the people in that very place, I sinned have, for sin did Adam die,
 Wherein the people in that very place, I sinned have, sin caused Davids cry,
 Wherein the people in that very place, I sinned have, and for sin Satan fell
 Wherein the people in that very place, From an high Angel to a Devil in hell.
 My Father sent, and I to prison sent,
 Where I remain with many sad lament.
 Which when you see you cannot chuse but say
 Repentance comes before my dying day.

His Repentance in Prison,

To the same tune.

Most Lions fell in Daniels den am I,
 In lowest prison cast with Jeremy,
 Fed with Elisha the Ravens fell,
 And plac'd with Jonas in the maw of Hell.
 Naked with Esh fearful do I walk,
 Dumb with old Zehary silent do I talk.
 Afflictions bread with Micah is my food,
 And with the Prophet drink I sorrows flood.

As poor as Job, even now so poor am I,
 Despid with Lazarus in great misery,
 Banish't with David from my native land,
 Cast up with Jonas on the Ninivites sand.

Made blind with Toby by the swallows dung
 And with poor Joseph cast in prison strong,
 I weep with Mary who had lost her Master,
 And run with Peter who should run the faster

Did David weep, and shall I then not cry?
 Did Mary weep, and shall mine eyes be dry?
 Did Esau weep, and shall not I weep more?
 Did Peter weep, such tears let me have store.
 Did Mary weep for loss of Master dear?
 Did Martha weep with sorrow toucht full neer
 Spring eyes with tears to wash his sacred feet,
 That for my sin did shed his blood most sweet.

Lark-like I fly unto the living Spring,
 Desiring pardon of my heavenly King,
 Past worldly hope now like the thief on tree,
 I only fix my faith and hope on thee.

Look back on me as thou didst unto Peter,
 Speak to my soul as to the thief most sweeter,
 O spy me out with Zache on the tree, (thee,
 And with sweet Bartholmew call me Lord to

O let me now with holy Abraham spy
 A saving Ram that Isaac may not die,
 O let me live for to sound forth thy praise,
 That I may shew thy mercy in my dayes.

Make me a sparrow in thy house O King,
 That swallow-like I may sit there and sing,
 O let me in thy Temple keep a door,
 That I may praise thy Name for evermore.

George Sanders.

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